(Copyright, 1898, by Robert W. Chambers.)

CHAPTER XXI.-CONTINUED. All day long the mob raged through the pal-The National Guards fired their rifles into the masterpieces that adorned ceiling and panel. The mobiles chopped down the rosewood doors to build fires with. A carbineer went out and shot an officer's horse, a dozen Belleville crea-tures cut it up, and a feast began so nauseating that even Mortier could not endure it, and or-dered the kitchen moved to the Chamber of Mirrors. By nightfall half of the insurgents are lying about helplessly drunk. The rest of the mob had broken down the doors of the Coun-Chamber and surrounded the Ministers. There they held them prisoners, insulting them, prestening to shoot them, while Flourens, seated aloft on a table, arms akimbo, alternately begged them to resign and promised them death unless they did. The high bald head of Morger loomed up behind the Speaker's desk; his little diseased eyes, burning with insanity, roamed restlessly over the chamber. Blanqui arrived to gloat over the prisoners. Millière shouted that they must resign, and began to organize a revolutionary government of his own in the midst of howis and cheers. Jules Favre, Garnier-Pages, Jules Simon, and Gen. Tamisier, the Minister of War, sat crowded into a orner, constantly subjected to outrage and insult and frequently covered by the levelled rifles of the carbineers.

To Bourke the situation seemed a nightmare too absurd, too grotesque to credit. The Government of Paris was held prisoner by a mob of Anarchists; the city itself was besieged by the enemy. War without, revolution within. What happen in twenty-four hours-time enough for any one of the thousands of German spies to carry the news to Bismarck?

As he stood there in the shattered hall, half stified with the vile atmosphere, crowded, pushed, shoved, and cursed by drunken carbineers and Belleville ruffians, a thought came to him that # Gen. Trochu had a messenger something might be done. He looked across at the General, hoping to catch his eye. After a moment however, he met the gloomy gaze of Jules Favre and without a moment's hesitation stepped up beside him.

"Quick!" he said. %" Can I carry any message for you? I am an American correspondent. Don't look at me when you answer."

There is a battalion of Breton mobiles at the Kapoleon barracks. They are loyal. The bar-racks connect with the Hotel de Ville by an underground tunnel." Jules Favre spoke in a gulet voice, looking out of the window as he spoke, his back turned to Bourks. The young man heard every word. He dared not answer: he lingered a moment, gazing about with pretended curiosity at the wrecked chamber then slowly turned and started toward the door. As he was passing out somebody touched his sleeve. He looked up. Buckburst stood beside him. Bourke stepped back.
Buckhurst cocked his revolver. All eyes were

fixed on the two Where are you going ?" said Buckhurst in his placid voice.

About my business," replied Bourke. steadily. Buckhurst's pale eyes contracted: a spasm twitched the muscles of his clean-cut jaw. It

was his way of laughing. "Get back there," he said, placing the tip of ene slim finger on Bourke's breast. "I know you and your friend Harewood."

"And I know you," said Bourke, coolly. As he spoke he saw he had made a mistake. If ever a face expressed murder Buckhurst's face at that moment meant it. His colorless eyes biazed, his thin lips scarcely parted, as he said,

You will know me better presently.' Flourens, standing on a marble table, bent pearer to listen: Mortier's deformed head eraned up over his deak with evil eagerness. A carbineer suddenly struck Bourks with the burt of his rifle full in the chest and sent him reeling back against the wall. Gen. Trochu sprang forward to interpose. Jules Favre tried o force his way to Bourke's side, but the car-

pineers thrust them back savagely. "That man is a Government spy," said Buck-irst. "He has watched us at the undertaker's. Now he comes here with secret intelli-

er's. Now he comes here with secret intelli-gence for M. Favre."

It is a mistake," began Jules Favre haught-ily, but was sternly silenced by Flourens.

What do we do with spies?" suggested
Buckhurst, looking up at Mortier and raising
his revolver significantly.

A carbineer beside him made a lunge with
his bayonet at Bourke. The blow failed to
reach him because Buckhurst gave the fellow a
violent push.

"Don the too zealous, my friend" has record.

a file of men."

Capt. Stauffer is a German spy!" said Bourke.

"I there is a Frenchman in the hall he will arrest him for treason."

Mortior, at the word "treason," began to sniff like a vulture. His hideous long neck, swathed in a dirty red handkerchief, twitched and writhed. His little green eyes were like two points of flame.

in a cirty red handkerchief, twitched and writhed. His little green eyes were like two points of flame.

"If Citizen Stauffer is accused he must answer before this tribunal," he said.

Flourens struck his fist against his sword hilt and shouted, "All accusations shall be answered before me. Bring the prisoner here."

At that moment Stauffer pushed into the room at the head of a file of carbineers. The tumult increased as the soldiers cleared a space around Flourens and Buckhurst and dragged Bourke before the table where Mortier sat, his grotesque head thrust forward, his great hairy hands gripping the edges of the table. In the midst of the confusion Buckhurst puced up and down, his cold eyes never leaving Bourke, revolver swinging in one hand. Bourke, a little unnerved, was speaking to Flourens, glancing from time to time at Stauffer, who now recognized him, and honored him with scowls of hatred."

ed.
our suspicions are nothing," said Flourens,
ntly. "What evidence have you?"
urke was silent.
sekhurst began to speak again in a measpassionless voice:

The prisoner charges me with crime. He arges Capt Stauffer with treason. I charge me with being a spy, and this is my evidence; saw him at the undertaker's, and I saw him moment ago secretly approach M. Jules Favre, liver a message, receive one, and attempt to we the Council Chamber. Let him deny it."

Do you deny it?" croaked Mortier, clutching the table harder.

we the Council Chamber. Let him deny it."
Do you deny it?" croaked Mortier, clutchg the table harder.
Bonrke looked at Buckhurst; that look was
ough. All his nerve came back to him; the
ish that had left his checks returned. He
ew himself up and turned to Flourens,
hat criminal, he said, "is determined on
y murier. If you can save me, you must
eak now." But Flourens walked away withthan answer, and Mortier caught Bourke's
an answer, and Mortier caught Bourke's
leddy.

an answer, and Mortier caught Bourke's in an iron grip. "March!" said Buckhurst lidly of the passed first with his prisoner, Stauffoliowed heading a file of carbineers: Buckst brought up the rear, revolver poised, key had decided to shoot him in the court, the railings were already torn down and crowd covered every inch of pavement. To through with their prisoner was not possibasides they were doubtful of the temper of crowd. Mortier said that the safest plan to shoot him in the underground portion of palace: Buckhurst agreed, and the cortege up its march. Flight after flight of steps passed; the roar of the pillaging mob above white or and fairlyer. Stauffer found landaments and they entered that dim system of ted chambers and passages that lead to the steatacombs of the Hotel de Ville. Ser was a yast underground hall, lighted by the rows of lamps and littered with packets extended the parties. The hussiers in charge in a body, protesting, as Buckhurst and coders entered. "Nonsense," said Buckt, we only want to shoot a man. Don't s disturb you, gentlemen. Pray keep your. "Then he sat down at one of the long's, laid his revolver in front of him, mod. Mortier and Stuffer to withdraw with men, and beckoned Bourke to sit in front, arke listened to the footsteeps of the Carries as they retreated into the adjoining ther. He looked at the hussers, who gazed at him, fascinated by the sight of a consetting. Euch urst was about to die—he had beineye it, and when he noticed that dured him passition, the healthy and natural to death occupied his thoughts. He had realize that he was about to die—he had beineye it, and when he noticed that dured was speaking he listened without beined in. Buckhurst was speaking he listened without beined in. Buckhurst was talking of him. For new the dominating trait of most and so the same was reversed in Buckhurst. That

trait is wanity. Keen, shrewd, merclees, daring, he was not above the weakness of vanity, although he was too reticent, too shrewd to exhibit it to any human being who might live to reproach him with his weakness. But now it was different: this man was about to die—if necessary, by Buckhursts own hand. So Buckhurst blabbed and blabbed on about his crimes. He eagerly owned up to robbery and forgery; he claimed as his own a notorious murder long wrapped in mystery. By degrees he grow confidential, speaking in the easy slang of the period. He became reminiscent, even sentimental, about New York. Then, suddenly changing, his pale eyes gleamed with a ferocity indescribable as he spoke of his prison days, his saliers, and his hope that their reckonding would come. He boasted of women, of conquests made, of deceptions practiced. At times the spaam which served him for laughter twitched his pallid face.

days, his jailers, and his hope that their reckoning would come. He boasted of women, of conquests made, of deceptions practiced. At times
the spasm which served him for laughter
twitched his pailid face.

Once Bourke asked him if he would let him go
for money, but the ghastly smile of Buckburst's
face was answer enough. No. 'said Buckmirst, 'Fou know too much. You knew too
much before—and now you know I'm a d—d fool
besides." He rose abruptly and went to the
passageway where Mortier, Stanffer, and the
Carbineers were waiting. The Carbineers had
found a wine bin, and were rifiling it and cracking the necks of the municipal claret bottles.
They objected to leaving off, and Buckburst
strode into the passage, revolver ruised.

In an instant Bourke turned to the huissiers
who stood grouped behind him and said hurriedly. 'One of you run to the Breton Mobiles
in the Napoleon Earfacks and bring them by
the underground passage. Hurry or they will
murder the Ministers as they are going to murder me! 'The huissiers hesitated, then as Buckhurst's voice was heard in the passage one of
them opened a door behind the table where
Bourke was sitting and pointed. Bourke jumped
for the door and ran as be had never run in his
life. Twice, as he ran between unseen wails
holding his arm before him, he fell, but sprang
up again and plunged on, his hands before his
face. How long he had been running he did
not know, when, rounding a corner, he saw
light ahead. The floor of the passage became
visible, the rough stone walls, the ceiling.
Little by little the passage ascended, growing
lighter and lighter as he advanced, until he
staggered out into a stone-paved court where
solders were passing carrying pails and kitchen
utwells, and an officer, mounted on a horse,
stood looking on.

He stammered out his tale to the officer, and
he had not finished before the bugles were
soluting and the brave Breton Mobiles came
tumbling into the parade. In ten minutes they
were entering the tunnel; their officers could
not hold them back.

what once threatened to be a brutal massacre had turned into a farce as grotesque as it was unexpected.

Bourke pushed his way out into the crowd. There were no street lamps lighted; a few of the cavalry, escorting Gen. Ducrot, who arrived on the scene, carried torches with the long butts resting in their stirrups, but the darkness seemed denser for the few scattered lights, and Bourke was glad of the lantern he still held to guide himself across the bridge and through dasky alleys toward the Boulevard St. Michel. As he stopped at the Café Cardinai to swallow a little brandy, he heard a soldier say that a company of Carbineers under Capt. Speyer had sacked a house on the ramparts during the riot at the Hotel de Ville.

"What house?" said Bourke, pushing through the group that surrounded the soldier.

"I don't know," repiled the cavalryman. "It was somewhere on the Rue d'Ypres." He added mischievously: "You needn't look so frightened, my friend—unless it was your house. Hey! Wait! Sacre nom d'une pipe!—take a drink with us, comrade."

But Bourke had already vanished.

CHAPTER XXII.

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CHAPTER XXII.

BOURKE DOES WHAT HE CAN.

It was pitch dark when Bourke reached the Bue d'Ypres, but the red glare of torches lighted up the ramparts and cast lurid reflections across the fronts of the shadowy houses opposite. A constantly increasing crowd of people surrounded his house. He hastened on, pushing, struggling, forcing a path through the throng to his own door. The flare of petroleum torches fell red on scores of sombre faces. He saw Yolette near the doorstep, surrounded by half a dozen men, some of whom he recognized as neighbors. When Yolette heard Bourke's voice she took one uncertain step forward. The next moment her white, frightened face was hidden on his shoulder.

What is it? he said. Speak to me, Yolette. Don't tremble so. See, you are safe. Nothing can harm you, my darling." Somebody in the crowd said: It's her sister. She can't be found."

"Hidde?" gasped Bourke.

The same voice spoke again: "The carbineers sacked the house. There was nobody there except Mile. Hilde and the little servant." Tolette trembled violently and raised her head.

"I had gone to the butcher's, to have our ra-

reach him because Buckhurst gave the fellow a violent push.

"Don't be too zealous, my friend," he sneered, "It will be more amusing in my way."

I had gone to the butcher's to have our rations renewed," she said. "When I returned, they heathing heavily from the blow on the chest, stood with his back to the wall, glaring at Buckhurst. "You d—d cutthroat!" he said. "you ran away from America to save your neek. I cut re a thief, a forger, a murderer, and a communist, but you dare not lay your hands on an American citizen in Paris."

If that young man is an American citizen, be careful, "cried Flourens, dramatically."

The repossible for my acts, "said Buckhurst, white with fary." Send for Capt. Stauffer and alle of men."

"I heard neople say that there was a revolution at the Hotel de Ville, and that we were to have the commune. Many of us started for the place—we numbered perhaps fifty—when, when't be bayonets of the carbineers filled the streets—two companies. Monsieur, with drums and bugles sounding, and ther Captain. Speyor, shouting to us to get back. Then the artillerymen yonder, who were exercising with the Prophet, came over the street to see what the carbineers were doing, but Capt. Speyor. Monsieur, there was nothing to do." The man spoke cautiously, appealing to the crowd to corroborate him. Bourke, his arm around Yolette, who seemed too dazed to understand, listened with a sick fear at his heart, eyes helplessly roaming through the throng of eager, sympathetic faces on every side. The spokesman of the group wiped his face on his sleeve, shrugged, and continued:

"Well—it was soon finished. Speyer went into the house. Somebody said he had an own of the group wiped his face on his sleeve, shrugged, and continued:

"Well—it was soon finished. Speyer wan own, a carbineer fold me that the commune was proclaimed and that your house was to be reserved for the carbineers' headquarters. He added that you and M. Harewood were known as suspects of the commune, and that they would eatch you sooner or later. Then, monsieur, they began to bring out your papers and portfolios. These they placed in an ambulance, along with books and clothing and some cans of preserved meat. It was then for the first time that it cannot say, for there came a soldier galloping who eried! Trenson! We are betrayed at the Hotel de Ville!—and the carbineers an out of the house like rats—this way and that way, until their Captain, Speyer, shouted for them to charge and drive back the crowd." The man paused, then added: "After that, monsieur, we ran for our lives, and that is all know."

Bourke cast one spince around selling the well of the sun she had been decreased by the house in the cast of the sun she for the busies, motioning Maillard to follow. Yolet

Capitain. They saluted each other, and as Bourks hurred on, he heard the other given, the trample of a fils, and the double jar of grounded rifes on the ramparts.

It was midnight when Bourd, flowmor of Parks; it was a 'o'clock in the morping when he went out into the street, stunned by the shamer in the street was a contract of the property of the

drizzie.

There were no street lamps lighted with petroleum: there was not a flicker of light from the long, grizzly rows of houses, but he knew his way, and he found it, even in the darkest alleys, even through dark passages that reeked like the holds of a pest ship.

And at last he came to the Church of Menilmontant. Almost at once he saw what had been done by the insurgents. The statement of Gen. Trochu had led him to believe that the church had been turned into a fortress and strongly barricaded. The truth was that almost nothing had been accomplished toward fortifying Menilmontant. Across the street stood a rambling, partly finished barricade of paving stones. Two houses had been converted into anybody, partly because of the two empty sentry boxes before each house, partly on account of a strip of canvas nailed across the front of the two houses, on which was pained:

CASERNE DE LA COMMUNE.

On the church a similar strip of rain-soaked canvas hung, bearing the legend:

and a red flag, that the rain had soaked almost black, hung from the church door to the steps. There was not a soul to be seen at the barricade; the sentry boxes protected no sentinels; the church was dark and silent.

Bourke crept forward and mounted the barricade. He waiked along the top to where it crossed the sidewalk. Here the wall of paving stones was bigher; he could lift himself into the balcony of the house against which the barricade ended. This he did cautiously, then crouched there, watching a lantern that somebody in the house had lighted.

The lantern swung to and fro; somebody was moving downstains; a shadow fell across the threshold and a figure stepped into the street. By the light of the lantern he could see the unform—the crimson reverses, the gilded shoulder knots laced with scarlet that indicated an officer stood a moment inspecting the barricade by the flekering lantern light, then turned, and crossing the street entered the church. It was Speyer. Bourke waited a moment before he rose from the balcony. He had no plan, no idea. What to do, now that he had crept into the hornets' nest, was a problem too intricate for him. And as he crouched there, hesitating, something in the open window behind him caught his eye—a dark mass huddled above the window ledge. Then, to his horror, he saw eyes watching him in the sindow—and the shadow itself seemed to expand and gilde toward him. Quek as thought he had his revolver levelled; there came a gasp, a sudden movement, and a man leaped softly into the balcony, whispering: "Doo't shoot, comrade; it's all right."

Bofore Bourke could understand another figure climbed out of the window and made toward him.

"Look here, comrade," they protested, "we are deserting, too. Don't be selfish, but lend a hand." They let themselves down to the barricade, one after the other, then turned and motioned Bourke to follow.

"Bodore Bourke could understand another figure climbed out of the window and made toward him.

"They let themselves down to the barricade, one after

Are you?"
"Hey?" demanded Bibl. vacantly. "There's nothing to pocket in that barracks there, and I know our Captain lootel the church."
"Capt. Speyer?" asked Bourke.
"No—Stauffer."
"Is Speyer your Captain?" asked Mon Oncie.
"Will you wait till I finish?" blustered

Bourke, " or do you want to run away empty handed."

handed."

"I'll take anything on God's earth," said Bibl solemnly, "but there's nothing left to steal in this part of His earth. Is there, Mon Oncle?"

"Yes, there is," said Burke, savagely, "There's that girl that Speyer stole in the rue d'Ypres."

"What do you want of her?" asked Bibl in granning astonishment. genuine astonishment,
"Want! You want the reward, don't you?"
"Reward?" muttered Mon Oncie, "Is that
why Speyer stole her? I thought he was sweet

why Speyer stole ner' I though the son her.

"Rot!" said Bibi. "Of course it was for a reward. But I don't see how we are to get her, as she's in the church yonder."

"Of course, she's in the church," interrupted Bourke, impudently, but his voice shook in spite of him at such unhoped-for fortune—"of course, she's in the church, and all we'll have to do is to wait until Speyer comes out with his lanter. lantern." And crack his skull," blurted out Bibl.

And crack his skull." Diuriced out Hbl. eagerly, and—
"And walk into the church and get her, hey?" suggested Mon Oncie.

Then Mon Oncie and Bibl began to dispute about the reward, utterly ignoring Bourke. The latter saw that his troubles would only begin, even if he could get Hilde out of Speyer's hands. He said nothing, however, until Bibl suddenly squatted down behind the barricade and the followed him, dragging Bourke to the coming now," whispered Bibl, picking up a jagged bit of stone. "Watt-Fill fix him." He coming now," whispered Bibl, picking up a jagged bit of stone. "Watt-Fill fix him." Heyers, swinging a lantern, entered the larricade and started toward the barracks of the carbineers. He hummed a time as he walked and dangled his lantern this way and that, stepping mincingly over the puddles of rain water and drawing his capueln closer.

Then, as he passed Hourke, Bibl stole out like a shadow, swifter and yet swifter, and struck Speyer a terrible blow with the heavy stone. The lantern fell—that is all Bourke saw—except something lying in the street and Bibl kneeling above it. Fresently Bibl came back, holding the lantern, still lighted. A single spot of blood blotched the glass.

Without a glance at Bourke, he beckoned Mon Oncle, and they both entered the church. Before Bourke could rise they reappeared at the door, welemently disputing with the sentry, who seemed loath to allow them there, but they had their way, and again disappeared.

Bourke crouched behind the barricade, revoker was deed. eyes on the church door. His house of the struck of the

beside him.
"Have they killed Mile. Hilde?" she asked.
"No," said Bourke, "see, she is opening h No." said Bourke, "see, she is opening her eyes—see!—little one."
Then Red Riding Hood began to cry at the strange words that Hilde uttered—strange, senseless words that meant nothing at first to Bourke. When the stretcher came he walked beside it as they bore her to the Rue d'Tpres. The delirium increased; she spoke of Harewood, of hove, of lost souls—lost through love. She spoke of Harewood as though he lay in death on the edge of hell.

And Bourke walked beside. And he understood.

To be Continued. AN ELECTRICAL ARMY.

Vast Numbers to Whom Electricity Gives Employment in the United States.

More than 1,000,000 persons in the United States, it is now computed, get their livelihood through employments dependent upon or con-nected with the use of electricity, and compared with the United States the number of persons so employed in other countries is practically insignificant. The rapid increase of the electric business of this country is shown by the fact that at the time of taking the last national census, that of 1800, no serious effort was made o give figures showing the extent of the use of

electricity.

There are in the United States nearly a million miles of telegraph wire, and there are 22,-000 telegraph offices, exclusive of those maintained by the railroad companies for the con-duct and regulation of their trains. Taking into account telegraph operators, telegraph company employees, and those in the telegraph service of the railroads, there are 150,000 per-sons connected with the transmission of tele-

service of the railroads, there are 150,000 persons connected with the transmission of telegraphic messages in the United States. There are now 600,000 miles of telephone wire in the United States, more than 1,000 exchanges, and an equal number of telephone branch offices, exclusive, of course, of pay stations. The number of employees of the telephone companies of the United States is 25,000, exclusive of those engaged in construction and repair work for the companies.

The gradual substitution of the electric current for horse power on surface railroads has added largely to the number of employees of electric railroads. There are now in the United States 14,000 miles of electric or trolley roads, and these roads give employment, it is computed, to 100,000 persons as motormen, conductors, clerks, inspectors, and electric lighting, which is one of the most important branches of the development of electric service, but likewise one the figures of which are most fragmentary. Nearly every important city of the development of electric service, but likewise one the figures of which are most fragmentary. Nearly every important city of the United States, and many unimportant cities, too, are lighted by electricity, as well as private houses, stores, public buildings, tinnels, bridges, caves, mines and parks, and the use of the electricity, many manufacturing operations are performed by it, elevators are run by electricity, and as these uses are extended the number of persons employed is steadily being increased.

There are still to be added the figures of another branch of the business, one of the most important, the manufacture of electric plantages, which, it is computed, gives employment to more than 250,000 persons.

Taking all the figures together, it is probably not far from the truth to say that there are 1,000,000 persons in the United States dependent upon electricity for a livelihood.

Wilson's Peculiar Wound.

Wilson's Peculiar Wound.

From the Baltimore Sun.

Scaborn Wilson, colored, a resident of Parrish alley, received a peculiar wound from a pistol hullet Tuesday afternoon and is now at the Maryiand Homospathie Hospital. He got into a fight with a colored man named Bowen in Parrish alley, was shot with a .38-calibre revolver, and was taken to the hospital.

The wound was in his right arm, and Dr. John O. Hendrix, assisted by Dr. Waitman T. Willey, probed for the builet several hours without finding it. Finally an X-ray picture of the man's arm was taken, and it was shown that the builet had struck the man on the elbow, which must have been crooked at the time. The builet spit in half, and one piece of the lead was found several laches below the joint, while the other was between the elbow and the shoulder blade. Both pieces were so deeply imbedded in the bone that it required hours to get them out.

The Winslow's Parrot in Battle.

The Winslow's Parrot in Battle. From Time and the Hour.

From Time and the Hour.

"He was in his iron cage hanging right over on the front of the tower there." the tar went on, in answer to several questions. "He didn't seem to mind things much, either. He just kept cussing to himself quietly. But a shell went through the starboard boiler, and then I saw the Lieutenant coming down from forrard with a bloody towel twisted round his leg. Still we and the bird'stood those Dagos' peppering well enough, popping back at 'em and working along with one propeller, till all of a sudden a shell burst aft and knocked the steering gear sky-high. 'Shut up!' yelled the bird; 'shut up: shut your mouth!' and he went on swearing away like a good one."

FOULING OF THE BEACHES.

WARING FEARS IT WILL GO ON SO LONG
AS "CROKER REMAINS MAYOR."

How far He Had Advanced with Devices to
Avoid It by Utilizing or Destroying the
City's Waste When "the Present Remarkable Administration" Called a Halt
From Harper's Weekly.

I have received your letter concerning the condition of the beaches in the Rocknawy district, with photographs showing actual conditions, which are substantially the same as Isaw last summer at Long Beach and further east.
The illustrations are in no wise exaggerated, and they show, as nothing else could, the intolerable littering of these resorts. I am told that



GENERAL VIEW OF BEACH NEAR ROCKAWAY.

annovance nearer home. All of the collections of the city were dumped there, including an average of about 500 tons of garbage per day. This garbage, putrefying under water, sent forth such an all-pervading stench that the people of Westchester county and as far away as Flushing on Long Island, as well as those or the Sound steamers, raised a loud cry of protest.



COME UNTO THESE YELLOW SANDS.

The Legislature passed a law making it a penal offence to deposit anywhere within the metropolitan area, on land or under water, any refuse containing garbage. It therefore became necessary to resort again to sea dumping. all of the seows being, during the summer season, towed out to the lightship, ten miles beyond Sandy Hook. This was practically as bad as the previous dumping closer in shore, for, while it led to the drifting of floating matters to more remote points, there was always a sufficient supply of the various wastes (about 2.800,000 cubic yards yearly) to defile the added miles of beach to an intolerable degree. This was the condition when I became Comnissioner of Street Cleaning in January, 1895. Mayor Gilroy's commission had investigated the matter thoroughly and had thrown much light upon it, but when practical work was ight upon it, but when practical work was to be done the whole subject had to be studied anew and in detail. Considerable progress had been made when the administration of Mayor Strong ended. The first step of the process was to cause a separation of the wastes. Thus far everything from houses had been set out in the same receptacles and removed by the same carts and scows to the same point of deposit. It was found necessary to separate garbage ashes, and paper and rubbish from one an





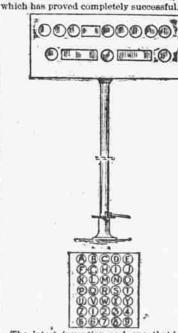
large numbers of persons pay from \$50 to \$100 per season for bath houses and are unable to make the least use of them for weeks together, because of these accumulations of rubbish.

The same conditions, aggravated by the presence of putrefying garbage, have been the subject of great complaint for years concerning the beaches of both Long Island and New Jersey. The first serious effort for relief was made in the summer of 1894, when it was arranged to deposit all refuse behind a bulkhead inclosing the shoal on the west side of Riker's Island in the East River. This relieved the beaches, but it made a much more grievous growless and the beaches will be lessened to long as Croker remains Mayor.

All of this work was under full headway when I was removed from office. My successor, Commissioner McCartney, was fully satisfied of its importance, as well as of the importance of depositing the street sweepings and ashes at Riker's Island, and was desirous of carrying out the whole scheme; but the present remarkable administration "turned it down" It would obviously like to go back to all of the old Tammany methods and conditions, were this possible. Fortunately the garbage contract will last, nearly through this term of office, as well as of the importance, as well as of the importanc

NEW SISTEM OF SIGNALLING. The Use of the Morse Code for Visual Tele-

graph on Land and Sea. Many inventions, most of which have been mpracticable from a mechanical point of view. have been placed before the public with the obproducing a sensible and accurate method of signalling at sea from places on land that could not be connected by wire. The need of such a system is shown clearly by the difficulty experienced by our army in Cuba and our fleet of war vessels in those waters. Conversation has been carried on hitherto by means of flags representing words and sentences in a code by semaphores and by helioscopes, wigwagging, &c. The communication has been necessarily slow and the exchange of ideas limited. The wigwag is utterly useless at night and the same objection applies to nearly every other system that has theen presented. Yachtsmen particularly have realized the need of a method of convers ing with one another, especially when cruising dreds of methods have been tried, none of



The latest invention and one that is so entirely practical and simple that it is a wonder that it had not been discovered long ago is known as "visual telegraph" and was made by Melvin D. Compton of this city. It is effective either day or night and messages can be transeither day or night and messages can be trans-mitted between vessels at sea or between differ-ent places on land any distance that the eye can reach with the aid of a field or marine glass. It uses a keyboard containing all the letters of the alphabet and numerals, and is so con-structed that when an electric circuit is closed at any desired letter or figure on the board the characters in the Morse alphabet correspond-ing to the letter at once appear on a standard to be read. These characters can be of any dimensions.

POLICE OF THE BIG WOODS

THE WORK AND THE WAYS OF THE GAMEKEEPERS.

Men Who Watch Against the Unlawful Kills, ing of Animals in Our Forest Tracks -The Friendly War Between Them and. the Guides Attempts at Sharp Tricks. HARKWOOD, N. Y., July 8,-There are two kinds of backwoodsmen whom the traveller, or tourist, meets when he enters the wilds—the guide, who makes his living by conducting amping parties, and the gamekeepers or wilderness police. Of the latter the majority have een guides. The advent of the gamekeeper began with the adoption of laws for the preservation of animal life in the forests. He corresponds closely to the foresters of Europe, being empowered by law to protect such game within his district as comes under the prohibitory act. His position is more difficult, however, than that of his fellow official in the Old World; his territory is larger, his associations with those upon whom he must keep a watch closer, and his isolation from civilization more marked. To be a gamekeeper, just in his dealings with his fellow woodsmen, requires nerve and shrewdness; the guides must be met on their own ground In a country with which they are familiar. To circumvent them is no small undertaking, now, do the laws which make the backwoods constable necessary allow him too wide a scope in

his operations. A well-known game constable got upon the track of a camping party which he had reasonto believe were shooting deer out of seasons Coming upon their camp he found the cook eris. gaged in roasting a fat haunch of venison. A complaint was entered against the party, but when the case came to trial the lawyer for the defence asked the gamekeeper if he could swear that the roasted meat was not lamb, or a leg of veal. The constable knew that no lamb or veal was to be found in that part of the woods where the party had made its camp, but he could not swear it had not been brought in with the camp-ers. Ninety-nine chances out of a hundred were that the meat was vension, but the dis-fendants got off on the one remaining peint. It is now the gamekeepers' busy season; dur-

ing the months of June, July and the early part of August he must be ever on the alert for law breakers. His territory may include tens of square miles covered by the unbroken wilder-ness. He must make his journeys on look fording streams, if he finds no boat at hand, sleeping where night overtakes him, often trusting to the good nature of the guides to provide himself with a dinner, supper or break-fast. Such a life makes a good soldier, and to it is added a native cumping acquired by long months of practice. Being of the guides, is is difficult for a stranger to the wilderness to distinguish him from those whom it is his business to watch. In appearance he is as picturesque as his native wilds; he carries everywhere with him the atmosphere of the woods in which he lives; he is bronzed, rough elad, and withall good natured, and, with few exceptions, goes about his work honestly. His reputation for fair dealing goes far to make him a successful official; the guides will try to fool him, but they know their man and understand he means to treat them squarely. But If the gamekeeper seeks to gain his ends through treachery and underhanded dealings, he had better give up his job and seek other fields; the guides may be as cunning as he, and innumers able are the tricks played upon him.

Not very long ago a game constable, noted for his meanness, arrived one evening at a small hotel in the heart of the Adirondaeks. In some way he got wind that one of the guides had taken a friend down the lake for a shot at a deer. Nine constables out of ten would have attended to his business alone, knowing full well that the other guides would stand by their companion. This gamekeeper thought differently. Taking one of the guides aside he said:

"Now,see here; Jim has gone down the lake

to get a deer, and I've got a proposition to make to you. Take me to where he is and I'll give

to you. Take me to where he is and I'll gives you \$10. I'll sneak around to your boat and ne one will be the wiser."

The guide pretended to assent, and the two started out in the boat, taking, as he supposed, the opposite direction from that in which the first guide had gone, but, as luck would have it, he rowed the constable almost to the very spot where man No. I was waiting for his deer. The first he knew was when the report of a rifle awoke the silence.

"There they are; pull up alongside, Bill," shouted the game constable; we won't have any trouble in getting them red handed."

Bill was in a fix. He din't want to injure his fellow guide, and, as the wily constable had figured out, he dien't dare openly to thwart an official in the discharge of his duty. He made a great show of rowing up to the deer hunters, but instead ran the bow of the boat on a half-sunken log and dumped his passenger into the lake. The story got about the hotel in the morning and the game constable left in a hurry. A couple of sharp fellows got the better of a game constable last summer. As the law stands, any one who complains on another for shooting a deer, and proves his charge, gets

A couple of sharp fellows got the better of a game constable last summer. As the law stands, any one who complains on another for shooting a deer, and proves his charge, gets half of the fine, or \$50. One day a warden came upon two guides who had killed a deer, out of season and were skinning it. The guides knew that they were fairly caught, and would stand a good chance of paying \$100 each, half of which would be necketed by the constable. The latter wasn't in much of gludes lost no time in getting ahead of him. The next day they went to the nearest Magistrate and made complaints against each other. Each received half of the fine paid, and when, the game constable reported the matter he found the authorities knew all about it.

As a usual thing the guides keep pretty well informed on the whereabouts of the vonstables, but sometimes the latter are too sharp for them. They may walk into a camp at night and make themselves at home. Often one will watch in a place where he suspects that some one is going to hunt, and on the lakes one may sit quietly in his boat and keep an eye out for hunters who may be paddling along the shore. July is a month when the law is violated most frequently, and whoseever goes into the woods with the idea of shooting deer wants to be mighty careful about it. He must not talk too much, or thrash about as though the woods was a private preserve and he owned it. If he sees an honest, good natured looking man wandering aimlessly about, he needn't think it necessary to get too confidential. The stranger may be a guide, and then it will be all right, but, on the other hand, he may be a game constable, after just such tenderled as the mas who thinks he is too smart to get into trouble.

FIGNAM FROM THE DUNITION SCOVE.

CONTROL THE DUNITION SCOVE.

CONTROL THE DUNITION SCOVE.